Blue

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Blue

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Adam is sad over some family bullshit that he can't bring himself to tell Elias about. All Elias knows is that Adam is feeling blue in more ways than one, and that's something he's going to fix!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Adam knew he wasn't doing a good job of hiding how shitty he felt, snapping when he didn't mean to and generally being an asshole. The most he could do was make it as clear as possible that it wasn't aimed at Elias, it wasn't anything he had done. Was in no way his fault. Which, quite correctly, gave the impression that he was sad about *something* either way.

And that something was, yet again, his parents. Not that he had told Elias about it.

It had been months since he and Elias had moved in together and yet they still didn't seem to be able to get past whatever their problem was with him, no matter how Adam reassured them. He had been able to ignore it for the most part in hopes that his family would come around, but they still hadn't and now all this shit with Christmas was getting him down and there was just no way in hell he was going to tell Elias and upset him needlessly.

How they fuck could he tell Elias that his parents had invited him to Christmas Eve dinner and, very pointedly, not included Elias in the invitation. In fact when Adam had asked his

mum had replied - “we’d rather you didn’t bring him.”

Bev’s eyes went wide as he told her. They were sat in their usual bar, grabbing a quick Friday night after-work drink and listening to the all-consuming and never ending Christmas music that seemed to have been playing since November 1st.

“She said what?” She shook her head and was clearly more than a little angry on his behalf. “That isn’t ok. Why are they being like this?”

Adam shook his head. “I really don’t know. I thought that it was something they would get over once they saw how happy he makes me? But, nope.” He couldn’t keep the mixture of disappointment and anger from his tone.

“Take him anyway.” Bev stated firmly and then shook her head again, exasperation and annoyance coming off her in waves.

She’d known his family a long time. They had met plenty over the years and they had always been nice to her, so Adam was sure she was having just as hard a time as he was in working out what the fuck was in their heads.

“I mean…” she started, wincing slightly as she continued - “Elias is a bit of an acquired taste. It can take a while to get used to him. But once you get passed all the…. Batshit and bizarreness, he’s a gem. And he clearly makes you happy and treats you well.”

Adam nodded. “I know, you don’t need to tell me about it.”

”You need to talk to them about this.” She told him before having a drink.

“I know! I’ve tried. At first they said he just didn’t seem the right fit for me and since then they’ve just kinda grumbled and put me off. I’m gonna call my mum later. Needed a pint or two first.”

Bev nodded and raised her glass to clink against his.

“Meanwhile, what has Elias said? I bet he feels pretty shitty about it?”

Adam took his turn to wince and then looked at her sheepishly. “I haven’t told him. Every time I see my parents I tell him they say hi, and generally just don’t bring it up? I don’t know, I guess he just hasn’t considered that there is anything amiss?”

Adam let out a long sigh and Bev was already shaking her head disapprovingly before he even finished.

“You should tell him Adam. He’d be upset to find out another way.”

He sighed and nodded. “I know. Maybe I’ll do that tonight too.”

“Guess I better get another round in then.” It wasn’t a question.

*

Elias was sat on the sofa watching TV when Adam got home. Fortuitous timing as the show was rather boring and he expected much more of the BBC considering they had to pay a licence fee. He resolved to write a strongly worded letter to the head of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

“Elias, we need to talk.” Adam blurted as he walked into the room, dropping his coat on the chair and wobbling ever so slightly. Adam was tipsy.

Elias liked tipsy Adam. Considering the man had few inhibitions at the best of times, tipsy Adam was wonderful company.

“Yes my love?” Elias smiled and shuffled slightly on the sofa so that Adam could drop down next to him, but instead he sat in the armchair.

“I’m… We need to talk about Christmas.”

“Elias nodded but frowned. They had already made arrangements - Christmas Day would be just them at the apartment and then Boxing Day a whole group of them had been invited around to Bedelia’s. They were still waiting to hear from his parent’s about having Christmas Eve with them.

“Yes?”

“I…” Adam looked pained and upset. He’d been looking down all week, since he got back from his parent’s on Sunday after having dinner with them. He wondered if it was them that made him sad. He wasn’t stupid - he knew Adam’s parents didn’t like him. From their few interactions and the continued lack of invitation to Sunday roast - which was just rude! - it didn’t take a rocket scientist to work it out. But they never talked about. Adam never brought it up and Elias thought maybe it was because there was something more to it and he would wait and take Adam’s lead.

In the meantime he told Adam to say hello from him, and receive the hello back that he knew Adam’s parents had not likely given.

“I… I just wanted to know if you like goose? I was thinking goose for Christmas Day.”

Elias frowned. It wasn’t what he had been expecting but he nodded anyway. “Yes, I like all poultry.” He replied with a little shrug. Adam smiled and nodded and then abruptly stood and left the room.

*

They were two weeks closer to Christmas and Adam seemed more blue as the days passed, especially after his fortnightly dinner with his parents. Elias started to wonder if in fact something was wrong - perhaps one of them was sick and Adam didn’t want to burden him? He made a mental note to send a gift basket to them to wish them well. They, and Adam, would surely like that.

In the time that had passed they had barely been intimate. He had gone down on Adam a couple of times, but Adam seemed too sad for even for that most of the time. The thought sent a chill through Elias - his Adam too sad for sex? He had assisted Elias with his little problem when the need arose - usually a quick hand job that he didn't seem to be much into. After a couple of times Elias took care of it himself with no comment - hating the idea of Adam helping if the desire wasn't really there.

Maybe that was the problem then? Something was making Adam too sad for sex, or not wanting sex was making him sad? Either way he knew Adam loved sex and this was likely a vicious cycle either way.

Elias wondered what he could do to cheer Adam up. He got out his phone and started looking through one of the online adult stores Adam had recommended, perhaps he would get inspiration from that?

And maybe there was more he could do? It was the first week of December and they had put up the small artificial tree that Adam had had in his old flat, the weekend before. It was too small for this space, so maybe more decorations would be good?

He didn't want to order lots of things online and have to wait, he wanted to start making Adam happy now! Elias resolved himself, shuddering as he thought of the masses out shopping that he would have to queue with, and grabbed his coat nonetheless.

*

Adam had woken up to find Elias already gone, a note on the fridge saying he would be back soon and for Adam to take down the old tree.

Adam's lips twitched into a smile as he wondered what the man was up to. By the time he'd showered and had a breakfast that was in serious danger of becoming lunch, he had only just started to remove some of the old and mismatched ornaments from the tree when Elias returned.

He was loaded with bags, one of which was especially cumbersome and barely contained a large box.

"Elias?"

"We're doing Christmas wrong. It should make you cheerful. We must be doing it wrong." Elias blustered.

He was red faced and clearly flustered from his excursion amongst the hell of Christmas shoppers. It was actually sort of adorable to see him all riled up, knowing that it was because he had done something he hated in the hopes of making Adam happy.

Adam grinned and pulled him into a kiss. It was only as it started to get a little deeper and more pressing that Adam pulled back. With the stress of everything his libido seemed to have taken a holiday and he fucking hated that for both himself and Elias.

“Sorry…” he started but Elias pressed a finger to his lips.

“You have nothing to apologise for.” Elias told him sternly before his brows knit into a frown. “Unless you are going to tell me that you do not plan on helping me decorate for Christmas!”

Adam laughed. “No, I’ll help. Of course.”

Adam left Elias trying to struggle the big box, clearly containing a Christmas tree, out of the slightly too small bag, and started unpacking some of the other items. He laughed at the first - a funny sign saying ~ *Deck the Halls with Disco Balls* ~ and then continued to laugh harder and harder as he unpacked more ridiculous decorations - including said disco balls.

“I wanted to pick things that would make you happy.” Elias beamed, obviously bolstered by Adam’s reaction.

Adam looked at the items around him, trying to equate them with Elias’s simple and rather rustic aesthetic and saw none of him there. It took a moment for him to realise that, hit or miss (definitely miss with some of it), Elias had chosen items he thought would be to Adam’s taste.

Adam’s heart swelled with for the man to an even deeper place than he had experienced before. He marvelled at how it was possible to continue to fall in love with someone in this way… and then felt once more crushed by his parent’s reaction. How could they not like him?

His heart broke a little but he realised, if he had to choose, he would. And he needed to let his parent’s know that.

*

Despite Adam's best intentions to call his parents, he put it off, ran from the drama of it… until he couldn't any more.

It was Sunday and he was due at their house for lunch in less than an hour but hadn’t left the apartment yet. And he had no intention of doing so, not that he had informed them yet.

He took his mobile phone into the bedroom and sat on the bed as it rang.

“Hi mum.”

“Adam? Have you broken down sweetheart?”

“No, I haven’t left… I mean, I’m not coming. I’m sorry I didn’t let you know sooner.” The words came out in a rush.

“Is it a work thing?” Alice Towers’ tone was still pleasant, though he knew it wouldn’t remain that way for long.

“No, I… Mum I can’t do this anymore. Elias is part of my life, a big part of my life. He’s going to remain a big part of my life as long as I have a say in it. I can’t come over and play nice when you both make the point of not inviting him. We live together, we might even get married some day!” The words were starting to come out angry and he stopped and took a breath. “I feel like you’re making me choose, and I have to choose him. I love you, both of you. You’ve been amazing, you *are* amazing parents. But I can’t see you and interact with you like nothing is wrong as long as you refuse to accept him.”

“Adam,” she sounded taken aback, and more than a little upset. “We just want the best for you, honey. Elias is… he’s thoughtless and rude and we don’t want you to get hurt. You;ve been through so much these last few years, you need someone who can-”

“Mum! You don’t even know him. You know shit I told you when I first met him. There’s a whole lot of stuff in between. Like how he is far from thoughtless. Puts me first in everything, treats me like I’m fucking perfect.”

He heard do a sort of mixed gasp-grumble at his swearing. Before she responded - “Let me get your father.”

“No, it’s… you can just pass this onto dad too. I don’t think there’s much to discuss. It feels like the time for discussion has passed. I still don’t get what your problem is with Elias? How many times I have to tell you what a wonderful and kind man he is once you get past the bluster?” He was aware how exasperated he sounded but better that than allow the tears that wanted to fall. “If you think he’s rude and awful you do him a disservice, but don’t you see you’re doing me one too by thinking that I don’t know better? Do you think he tricked me into a relationship and I can’t leave? Do you think that of me? After everything? Don’t you think that the only person I would ever give the time of day to is someone who loves and accepts me as I am, like Elias does? I can’t deal with it anymore. I won’t be coming for Christmas. Sorry mum.”

He hung up the phone before she had chance to protest. He considered turning it off but then had another thought, one last thing that needed to be said. He typed a quick text to his mum -

~Mum, Elias is my boyfriend. I love him. You’re hurting me. I don’t want to choose. But he’s in my life and either he’s in yours too or I’m not. I love you, but whatever it is, get over it. He’s good for me, he’s amazing. If you can’t see that then I guess there’s nothing else to say.

He switched the phone off. He sat for a moment looking at the phone, heavy in his hand. He felt emotionally numb and hated every moment of this.

Adam started to sob quietly. Almost silent heaving breaths as he melted into the bed, curling himself into a ball and hugging himself against the emotions that overwhelmed him. His parents had been amazing and he wasn’t sure how he was going to cut them out of his life. He hoped it never came to that, but the ball was in their court now. If they wanted him to choose, they knew which way that would go.

Adam didn’t hear the door open but he did hear the quick footsteps to the bed and then the bed dipped and Elias was curled around him.

“Don’t be sad Adam, I love you. Please don’t be sad.”

Elias’s words broke his heart and little and Adam managed a small smile.

“I just… I’ve told my parents I won’t see them today or for Christmas. They… Not until they accept you.” He spoke cautiously, very aware of the fact he had never told Elias how his parents felt about him.

He felt Elias nodding against him.

“I understand. I will be all the family you need if it comes to it, but I hope they will grow to like me.”

Adam sighed. “I didn’t want to upset you, I didn’t want to say anything before-”

“Adam, I can’t pretend to understand why they dislike me - I am a very likeable person, I have been told so, often. But I’m not a fool, I know that they don’t think I am good enough for you. You never needed to hide that from me.”

“I’m sorry.” Adam sighed the words and then turned in Elias’s arms, snuggling against the warm chest before him.

“Is this why you have been sad?”

“Yes, I… I’m sorry it has affected us so much.” Adam let out another sigh but then followed with a chuckle as he said “I bet we both have blue balls right about now. I’m sorry it’s just made me too sad to be… intimate.”

Elias hushed him and rubbed a hand up and down his back even as he could feel the man’s cock twitch against him at the suggestion of intimacy. “It’s ok, I still know how to masturbate very well.”

Adam laughed

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Elias had made Adam tea, brought it into the bedroom where Adam still pottered around hours later, clearly trying not to think about his parents.

Elias empathised, he was unsure how he would react if his family didn’t like Adam, but he was sure he would choose Adam over them. Not that it was a problem. When he had tried to return to his family when he and Adam were on bad terms, his brother Gabriel had told him he wasn’t welcome home unless he brought Adam too.

They were quite right of course, Adam was wonderful and it would be cruel to deny them his company.

“Adam, you’re wonderful.” He found himself saying.

Adam looked at him and smiled. “Why do you say that?”

“Because I love you and want you to know that you’re wonderful.” Elias stated, it seemed obvious he wasn’t sure why he needed to explain, but Adam smiled more anyway. It was only as the smile turned a little sad that Elias finally decided on something he’d been mulling over for a few days - an early Christmas present.

“Adam, I… I’d like to be intimate with you. Would you like to have sex?”

“Elias…” Adam let out a sigh. “I would, I love sex with you, you know that. I just… I feel so… it’s hard to feel sexy when you feel sad.”

“I… would you like me to try and make you feel sexy?” Elias asked, despite his voice breaking a little as he said it due to the unexpected and momentary throb of his cock.

That at least made Adam smile, a quirk at one end taking the smile into a smirk. “What did you have in mind?”

“Um, please get naked and wait for me on the bed.” Elias instructed and then left the room. He went to the hall closet where he had been stashing his Christmas gifts for Adam. He had been considering for days doing this, giving this gift early, anything to bring Adam back to his happy self.

When he returned to the bedroom, Adam was laid out on the bed in just his boxers.

“I said naked.” Elias grumped.

Adam laughed. “Yeah, well. I’m disappointed too. I was expecting you to come back in a sexy Santa costume or something. I was looking forward to fondling your sack. Or sitting on your knee.”

Adam was giggling like an idiot but Elias had no idea what on earth he was talking about. He would have pointed that out but it was very nice to see Adam so deeply amused.

“I have a present for you. For Christmas but I want you to have it early.” Elias said hesitantly, suddenly nervous that Adam might not like it.

“Yeah?” Adam smiled, a warm thing - genuine excitement that Elias hadn’t seen for weeks.

Elias held out the small package in his hand, very expertly wrapped as Elias was very good at such things, he knew.

Adam raised an eyebrow, the immediate size and shape of the package wouldn’t give it away and Elias was unsure whether he would guess anyway.

He watched as Adam started to carefully unwrap it, telling him - “I… I saw this on the internet. A review on a trans blog that I read.” Adam looked up at that, another smile - he already knew that Elias tried to keep himself educated on the matter, but was always pleased by it. “It was a good review and… I hope you like it.”

Adam finished opening the wrapping, and frowned.

“Goodhead, BJ Helper?”

“It’s… I should have removed the packaging.” Elias mentally kicked himself, the packaging was aimed at cis men. “It is a thing for cis men, for blow jobs… but the review… um, it can be used… it’s… They call it a bro-sleeve.” Elias was unsure how to explain it. A little unsure about trying to explain sextoys to a considered expert on the matter.

“Oh shit!” Adam slapped his free hand across his mouth and went wide-eyed. “It’s like a fleshlight… for… I mean, I could use it like a fleshlight. For penetration.” Adam’s words came out high and excited, his eyes darting to Elias gave away how thrilled he was at the prospect.

“Yes.” Elias nodded and smiled, moving forward. He started to remove his clothes as he continued - “I thought we could try to use it together. Somehow.”

Adam nodded eagerly and placed it on the bed as he reached up for Elias. “You’re doing a very good job at making me feel sexy.” He grinned.

Elias shed the last of his clothes and joined Adam, absolutely thrilled that this had worked in cheering his boyfriend up. He was grinning wide as he planted thank you kisses all over Elias’s face whilst trying to drag down his own underwear and packer.

“Oh god, I can’t wait to fuck you.” Adam breathed between kisses.

Elias’s already swelling length was immediately rock hard and he groaned into another kiss.

“Lube.” Adam breathed the word as his hand snaked between them, taking his cock in hand and rubbing the small head of it against Elias’s. Elias groaned and felt his precum smearing over them both. It was a good minute before he was able to collect himself enough to reach to the bedside drawer and grab the lube.

When he turned back, Adam was extricating the bro-sleeve from the small amount of packaging.

“Fuck.” His hands were shaking a little. “This is going to feel so good, baby. I love you.” His hand came around the back of Elias’s neck and dragged him into another heated kiss - they were both desperate from the recent lack of this. Elias had no intention of breaking the kiss as his hands fumbled with the cap of the lube, finally getting it open and pouring some on his fingers. He rubbed them over Adam’s straining cock as his boyfriend first gasped then grunted at the touch.

Adam finally pulled back, flushed from his face down to his chest.

“How shall we do this?”

Elias had given this *a lot* of thought in the couple of weeks since buying the toy. “I think if I get on my hands and knees I can squeeze it between my thighs? I might need to hold it in place a little… I should have tried… Sorry… I…”

Adam pulled him into another kiss, his hands everywhere as he started to manhandle Elias onto his front.

“I’m gonna fuck you so good baby. Gonna make you cum on my dick.” Adam panted, and Elias was sure he could hear his heart hammering in the otherwise quiet room.

“Yesss…” Elias hissed, arching at Adam’s touch.

He could hear the lube tube being squeezed and looked over his shoulder to see Adam now had it in hand, along with the sleeve. He pushed lube up into the sleeve and then settled himself behind Elias.

“I just… I’m gonna try…” Adam muttered to himself as the bed dipped behind Elias. He could feel Adam trying to find the right position and then heard a low groan and a “fuuuuuck” breathed out in a heavy sigh from his boyfriend.

He looked back again to see Adam had slid his cock into the sleeve, the look on his face was pure bliss and it made Elias’s body tighten from his chest to his balls. He even let out a little whimper at the sight, teetering on the edge of cumming.

He faced forward once more so that his body was in a perfect position as Adam shuffled forward and slotted the toy between Elias’s thighs at a comfortable height. He felt the press against his balls and closed his thighs as tight around the toy as he could manage.

Elias was surprised at how pleasurable it felt between his legs… and then Adam started fucking. One hand seemed to be ensuring the sleeve was in place, but the other gripped hard at Elias’s hip as he did when he was pegging him. But this was so different. The noises Adam was making were different. He didn’t even dare touch his own cock as it was likely to go off as soon as he did. The pleasure Adam was getting from this was clearly different, very obviously more, than when he pegged Elias. Elias knew the strapons were pleasurable for Adam, but it wasn’t like penetration, he knew.

“Fuck me Adam.” Elias wailed at the thought and Adam’s hips snapped faster and Elias groaned at the feeling of Adam’s flesh slapping against his on each thrust. “Cum inside me.”

“Oh fuck.” Adam faltered for a second and then continued to thrust into the toy between Elias’s legs - into Elias. “I’m so close baby. I’m gonna cum deep inside you.”

Elias groaned and let his head drop forward onto his arms. His body rocked as Adam thrust, and the scrape of his cockhead over the rapidly ruching bedcovers was almost enough. But he held on. He was so close and in the past he didn’t have the control he did now, but he was determined not to cum before Adam.

Adam cried out, his other hand taking hold of Elias’s hip and gripping hard as he fucked into him a few more times, shaky and stuttering. He could feel Adam’s body shuddering and then stiffen against him and he knew he had cum.

Elias bit his lower lip as he now dared put his hand to his own cock, feeling the lube running sticky from the toy and down the back of his thighs, easily imagining it to be Adam’s cum

leaking from him. One stroke was all it took for Elias to empty himself all over the bed, his balls almost aching as they pumped every last bit from him.

He shook, unable to hold himself up, falling forward into the cum with Adam laying over his back, nuzzling into his neck.

“Fuck.” Adam sighed as he panted. “Fuck, Elias… Fuck.”

Elias chuckled. His chest heavy with the love he felt for Adam, but also with the knowledge that he had brought this pleasure to him.

“Roll over.” Elias managed through a very dry throat. He felt Adam move easily off of him until he was on his back next to him - the toy still between Elias’s thighs. He extricated it and placed it reverently on the pillow before shuffling down between Adam’s thighs.

Adam grinned down at him, a knowing smile but full of love. “Gonna get me all cleaned up baby?”

“I want to taste you.” Elias nodded before taking Adam’s cock into his mouth. He knew Adam’s pleasure worked differently - his cock was once a clitoris and certainly capable of multiple orgasms - he knew from experience. He hummed around Adam and felt his lover grab at the bed beneath him. After a moment he moved down, letting Adam’s cock slip away as he slid his tongue into Adam - feeling the slight wetness there on his tongue.

“Fuck.” Adam said again and Elias chuckled at the thought of having driven so much vocabulary from him.

He replaced his tongue with two fingers, curling them inside and grazing Adam’s G-spot as he took him into his mouth once more. He sucked and licked at Adam’s cock - pressing his tongue against Adam’s cockhead in a way he knew gave him chills. Adam shuddered, his whole body tensing as Elias worked him to another orgasm.

“Fuck, Elias… you’re just… fuck… I love you…. Baby bull, I love you so much…” Adam babbled and ran his hands into Elias’s hair as he continued to work his mouth and fingers, relaxing into the small thrusts of Adam’s hips.

Adam cried out a moment after his hands tightened in Elias’s hair, gripping to the roots as his cock started to pulse against Elias’s tongue and his inner muscles milked his fingers. Elias’s own cock gave a valiant twitch in return, though he was not going to be hard again for a short while longer.

Adam quivered as Elias continued to suck and finger him through his climax and until he went completely limp beneath him - breathing heavy as though exhausted. Elias gave one last lick from his entrance up and over his cock as he removed his fingers and then crawled up over him, allowing Adam to pull him into a passionate kiss.

Elias chuckled as Adam nuzzled at his moustache, no doubt tasting himself there. When Adam collapsed back again Elias buried his head in his neck and panted against him.

“Did you enjoy your present?” Elias asked softly. “Are your balls less blue now?”

“Yes” Adam chuckled and pulled him close, bringing his legs up and around to cage Elias to him. “And I think that certainly worked in the cheering me up effort.”

“My balls are much less blue also.” Elias added with a kiss to the side of Adam’s neck.

Adam laughed.

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Adam finally turned his phone back on the following afternoon to discover numerous messages from both of his parents and several missed calls from their landline. They didn’t say any more than that they needed to all sit down and talk - not clear whether *all* included Elias. No real mention of Adam’s text. And that just wasn’t enough - there was nothing to talk about, they either accepted Elias or they didn’t.

It hurt Adam’s heart. And despite Judge Judy going around and around in his head about never throwing over family in favour of a boyfriend, it just wasn’t that easy. If, god forbid, he and Elias broke up in the future, he would never be able to discount the impact the man had on his life.

He didn’t reply to his parents that day. But two days later his mum messaged -

~ Elias sent us a gift basket. I would like you to pass on our thanks.

If you knew her well enough, you knew how to read between the lines of Alice Towers. To Adam it was clear that this was an invitation to open a dialogue - that they wanted to talk about Elias.

“Are you alright?” Elias asked. Adam looked up from the sofa and saw Elias’s worried expression.

“You sent my parents a gift?” Adam asked, deeply curious.

“Oh yes. I got their address from your book by the phone.” Elias pointed out into the hallway where the address book sat next to the landline.

Adam smiled through his curiosity, the whole situation was bonkers, which was a great description of life with Elias in general. “Why baby?”

“I assumed one of them was sick. I sent a nice basket of baked goods from a website. With a note to say I hope they are both well. Was… that wrong?”

Adam laughed and shook his head, no idea why Elias would think either of them was sick, but not surprised at his strangely thoughtful response.. “Just unexpected. You didn’t say anything.”

“I… forgot.” Elias replied sheepishly. “I was more concerned with making sure you were happy and then it slipped my mind. Did they like it?”

“I think so? Mum said to say thanks.” Adam put out his hand and pulled Elias to him when he took it, tugging gently until he was down on the sofa with him, snuggling against his side. “That was really nice of you.”

“Of course! I’m always nice. I’m a very nice person!” Elias huffed indignantly, as though the possibility had been called into question.

Adam chuckled, it was on of the silly things he loved about Elias. Anyone that got to know him couldn’t help but find at least one of his idiosyncratic ways adorable, even Bedelia had said so.

“Is everything ok with your parents?” Elias asked, resting his lips in Adam’s hair.

“Yeah, I think so.” Adam replied with a small sigh. He picked up his phone and replied to his mum -

~Elias and I are having goose Christmas Day, you and dad are welcome to join us.

His phone beeped before he had chance to set it down.

~We’d love to.

Adam smiled.

End Notes

Great review about the bro-sleeve for those interested.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!